



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

THE ELEMENTARY SCHOOL TEACHER

AND

COURSE OF STUDY

MAY, 1902

SPEECH, ORAL READING, AND DRAMATIC ART.

MARTHA FLEMING.

THE history in the sixth grade was early Greek—the myth-making period. Many old Greek and Latin stories and some tree-myths were read, among the latter the modern story “Old Pipes and the Dryad,” by Frank R. Stockton. As soon as the children had read this story they proposed to play it. Last year some of them had written and acted a play founded on Irving’s “Rip Van Winkle,” and no doubt Old Pipes and his mother and the echo-dwarfs suggested Rip, Gretchen, and the dwarfs of the Catskills.

With the play in mind we re-read the story carefully to see whether it was the right kind of material for a play. Each child took a copy of the story, which he carried home and studied for himself. The children decided that they could make a play out of it. Next we retold the story in as few words as possible, rejecting everything not suitable for our purpose, and holding the whole together by the natural order of incidents. The divisions of the story we wrote on the board and considered as a unit.

Preliminary notes.—Old Pipes, helped up the hill by the children, discovers that his pipes are no longer heard by the cattle. He resolves to return the wages just paid to him. Release of the dryad. Old Pipes made twenty years younger. The cave of the echo-dwarfs. The angry echo-dwarf vows vengeance. He steals the pipes and attempts to shut the dryad

up again in her tree. The dryad shuts the echo-dwarf in the tree, restores the pipes to Old Pipes, and roams the forest for the remainder of the summer. The mother of Old Pipes is made twenty years younger. The discovery of the dryad's tree by the children. The dryad kisses Old Pipes and his mother again, lets the dwarf out, and goes back to the warmth and comfort of her tree.

Then we discussed the presentation of these different parts. We are without stage, curtains, scenery, or properties of any kind, and even without a platform. Everything had to be planned and made by the children. We were obliged to go over the details very carefully, and we rejected many things as impossible under the circumstances. The children drew on the blackboard the scenes as they would like to have them, and sketched the characters in costume, each giving his opinion freely and illustrating his ideas with the chalk. They made drawings of the mountains, the rocky path, and the dryad tree. Many of the elaborate plans for the scenery we were unable to carry out.

As we worked out the scenery and action, the dialogue developed. Each child contributed. One proposed a speech, the others considered and criticised. The final result in each case was written on the blackboard. In the Francis W. Parker School the whole text was written in this way. In the School of Education, after the first two scenes were written, each child completed the work for himself. Then we compared results and selected from the whole what we considered best. Some of the most dramatic actions and speeches came out at the very last rehearsal.

The whole now took shape on the stage. After the first full rehearsal the children felt that something was wrong, and they were discouraged. The next morning, before school, while they were talking it over, one remarked: "There is too much talk and too little acting in this for a play. It drags out too long." They then decided that they would act, and talk only when speech was absolutely necessary. The dialogue was cut wherever it was possible to substitute action that would tell the story.

Still there was great disappointment in the result. The children began to feel that they had made a mistake, and some

of them were quite ready to give up the play. One said: "There is not trouble enough in this story for a play. Things just go on. Enough does not happen." "Well," said another, "let us make more trouble. We don't need to have it just as it is in the story." They had made the discovery that the struggle between the good and the evil forces was not great enough, that the story itself was not sufficiently dramatic. This led to many interesting discussions and warm debates. A variety of plans was suggested, but finally it was agreed that the echo-dwarf was the mischief-maker, that the struggle was between him and the dryad, and that he might be allowed to plan a greater revenge and to carry his plans farther than in the story without interfering with the final outcome. He must steal the pipes, try to destroy them, then hide them, and proceed in his attempt to get the dryad back into her tree again; that the dryad must discover the plot just in time, and, after shutting the dwarf up in the tree, find the pipes and put all things right again. The children of the Francis W. Parker School allowed the dwarf to keep the pipes hidden over one night, thus causing Old Pipes and the villagers sore trouble. Except for the difference at this point, the two versions follow nearly the same lines. The dialogue varies, the language in many cases being entirely different, although dealing with the same situations.

One of our greatest difficulties was to end our play. The ending of the story the children would not consider at all. That no one should ever know what became of the dryad outraged all their sense of right. At first they proposed to end by leaving the dryad free. Later they decided this would not be an end at all. They objected to shutting her up again, but at last decided that, since the tree was her home, and she *wanted* to go back into it, and could shut *herself* in and could come out again in the summer, the real end was to let her do it. As she goes to her tree she kisses Old Pipes and his mother, who are enjoying their evening meal outside the cottage, leaving them each thirty years younger than they were at the beginning of the play.

We never talked about any other meaning to this story than

what lay on the surface. The children talked of the characters as real persons and of the incidents as real happenings. However, as we neared the time for presenting our work at a morning exercise, and they realized more and more the joy of the dryad in her own happiness and her delight in giving happiness to others, they called her the spirit of spring, of youth, of life, and of joy.

The rocky path and the cave of the echo-dwarfs we made of boxes, baskets, and benches covered with dark-gray cambric. The dryad tree was made in the manual-training room. It was a flat-surface frame, with the door opening outward. The frame was covered with heavy paper and calcimined to resemble the bark of an oak tree. Holes were bored in the wood and real twigs thrust in. The cottage of Old Pipes was a framework covered with cloth and calcimined a dull yellow. The latticed window, painted red, opened like a shutter.

The costumes were all simple, designed by the children, and constructed for the most part out of materials and costumes on hand. Old Pipes wore a hunter's dress; the dryad, a soft Greek robe; the dwarfs, gray suits in one piece, with pointed cap and shoes; the mother of Old Pipes, the dress of an old German woman; and the children, the dress of German peasant children, for somehow they had the impression that this was a German story.



OLD PIPES AND THE DRYAD.

(Played by sixth grade. Miss Curtis, teacher.)

Dramatis personae: Old Pipes; Echo-Dwarf and other dwarfs; dryad; mother; children—boys and girls.

SCENE I.

(A rocky path. A large oak tree at left. Cottage to right. Rustic seat and small table outside.)

Enter Old Pipes with children, two boys and a girl. Boys holding Old Pipes' arms, and helping him along. Girl pushing him from behind. He sinks exhausted on the seat. The children sit on the ground about him; each pulls a piece of bread from his pocket and eats.

Old Pipes. I am very tired tonight. I don't know that I could have climbed up this steep path to my home if you had not helped me. (Gives each of the children a copper coin.) I am sorry I tired you so much.

Boy. Oh, that would not have tired us, if we had not been so high up on the mountains for the cattle today.

Old Pipes (in great surprise). Had to go high up on the mountains for the cattle? What do you mean? (Girl goes behind Pipes, puts her hand on her mouth, and makes all sorts of signs to the boy to stop. He does not notice her.)

Boy. Why, you see, sir, that, as the cattle can't hear your pipes now, the chief villager has hired us to drive them down from the mountain every night.

Old Pipes (in great distress). How long have you done this? (Girl tries to stop the boy as before.)

Boy. Almost a year now. I think ever since the people felt that the cattle could not hear your pipes, and we have not heard the echoes for a long time. But we are rested now, and must go home. Good night, sir. (The children go, the girl scolding the boys all the way out.)

Girl. It was a secret. The old man did not know that the cattle can't hear him, and you have made him so unhappy.

Old Pipes (after sitting awhile silent and in deep trouble). Mother! mother! (Goes to the latticed window, where she sits spinning, and shouts again :) Mother! mother! (Old woman comes hobbling out; she is very deaf, and Pipes speaks very loud as both move toward the seat.)

Old Pipes. Mother, did you hear what those children said?

Mother (speaking in Pipes' ear). Children! I did not know that there were children here.

Old Pipes. Why, they say that the cattle can't hear my pipes any more, and that the villagers are paying me for nothing.

Mother (shouting). They can't hear you! Why, what's the matter with the cattle?

Old Pipes. Nothing's the matter with the cattle. It is with me and my pipes. But one thing is certain: if I do not earn the wages, I shall not take them. (Takes money from a bag that hangs at his side and counts it out.)

Mother (very angry). You piped the best you could, and what are we to do without the money?

Old Pipes. I don't know, but I shall go straight down to the village and give back the money they paid me today. (Starts off. Mother goes into the house, grumbling.)

Mother. Foolish! foolish! What are we to do without the money?

Old Pipes (dropping wearily under a tree). I cannot go tonight, I am too tired; but tomorrow— (Leans heavily against the tree; a tapping is heard; listens; it is heard again; listens; a voice is heard.)

Voice. Let me out, let me out.

Old Pipes (springing to his feet). This must be a dryad tree, and she wants to get out. I'll let her out if I can. It is summer time, and the moon rises tonight before the sun goes down; I must find the key, and if I do I shall surely turn it. (He goes all around the tree trying to turn every little bit of bark that he finds sticking out; one turns quite around.) Here it is! (A large part of the side of the tree is pushed open, and a beautiful dryad steps quickly out. She stands motionless, looking out over the mountains and all before her.)

Dryad. Lovely! lovely! How good of you to let me out! I am so happy, so thankful! (Kisses him on both cheeks.) Oh, it's glorious! glorious! I am so happy! What can I do for you, my kind friend?

Old Pipes (who has been gradually straightening up since receiving the dryad's kiss, is standing with eyes and mouth wide open, hardly able to speak for surprise). Well! well! I am glad that I let you out, but I must tell you that I turned the key because I wanted to see a dryad. I knew that your people lived in the trees, and that you were happy to come out in the summer time, and now I am glad that I let you out, because you are so happy; but if you want to do something for me, you can take this money down to the chief villager for me. It is the money paid me for calling the cattle home from the mountains. It is more than a year now since I have been able to make them hear my pipe, and I can't receive pay for what I cannot do.

Dryad (taking the money). To the village! I will go any place for you. Often, in my tree, I have heard the sweet notes of your pipes. (Moves away, looking at the beautiful things about her.)

Old Pipes (following her to the entrance, watching her as far as he can see). Now I have seen a dryad! (Begins to move toward the house, and notices how light and free he feels. Throws his arms about, and goes quickly to the house.) Why! I feel quite rested. I can walk quite easily. My! I feel so strong, and I am very hungry. I shall go home and eat my supper, and tomorrow go to the forest and cut some fuel for mother. (*Exit.*)

SCENE II.

(Same as scene I. Time, the next evening.)

Enter Old Pipes, carrying a large armful of wood. He crosses the stage, and begins to pile it up against the side of the cottage.

Old Pipes. There, mother, I have done a fine day's work. If I keep on this way, we shall have plenty of fuel for next winter. Now it is time to call the cattle home. I must get my pipes. (Goes into the cottage, and comes out, followed by his mother.)

Mother. What are you going to do now? If you will not take the money, why will you pipe?

Old Pipes. I am going to play for my own pleasure. (Plays a strong, full note. A faint echo is heard.) Ha! ha! What has happened to my pipes? (Plays again.) They must have been stopped up of late, but they are as clear and good as ever! (Plays again. Echo is heard as before. Pipes looks up toward the mountains.) See, mother! see! the cattle are coming down as they used to do. (Rising as the truth flashes upon him.) O, I see it all now, mother! I had forgotten that a kiss from a dryad makes one ten years younger. She kissed me twice. I *am* really younger. Look! mother, look! (Begins a joyous dance across the stage to show his mother how young he is.) Come, come, mother, come! She must kiss you too! (Tries to pull her with him.) Well, then, I'll find her and bring her to you. (Dances off the stage in search of the dryad.)

Mother (looking after him in astonishment). He's bewitched! O Pipes! Pipes! when will you be old enough to have ordinary common-sense? (Turns toward the cottage.) He's bewitched!

SCENE III.

(Cave of the echo-dwarfs. Rocks lying all about.)

Dwarfs of all sizes running about, playing. One echoes back the sound of laughter that comes from the distance; another, the sound of a blacksmith's hammer; another, the call of a voice. One big, fat, lazy-looking dwarf is lying on a rock, sound asleep. The notes of Old Pipes' pipes sound in the distance. They all stop to listen and, when it is repeated, run to wake the big dwarf. He rolls to his feet, and begins to echo back the notes of the pipes. He is very angry at being disturbed, and, as soon as the piping stops, moves about shaking his head and fists and grinding his teeth.

Echo-Dwarf. I thought those pipes had stopped forever. I have been deceived. I'll go and find out how long this is to last. I will find the piper himself. (Starts to run off. Meets the dryad.) Ho! ho! what are you doing here? How did you get out of your tree?

Dryad. Doing! I am being happy, that's what I'm doing. I was let out by the good old man who plays the pipes to call the cattle home, and I've kissed him and made him young enough to play as well as ever.

Echo-Dwarf (pale with anger, moves toward her in threatening way). And you are the cause of this great evil that has come upon me? You are the wicked creature who has again started this old man upon his career of pipe-playing? What have I ever done to you that you should condemn me for years and years to echo back the notes of those wretched pipes?

Dryad (laughing merrily). What a funny little fellow you are! Anyone would think that you had been condemned to toil from morning till night. Fie upon you, *Echo-Dwarf*! You are lazy and selfish; and that is what is the matter with you. Instead of grumbling, you should rejoice at the good fortune of the old man who has regained so much of his strength and vigor. Go home, do your work, and learn to be generous, and then you may be happy. Good-by! (Moves off in the direction of the forest.)

Echo-Dwarf (growing more angry and more savage, dances about, shakes his fist, and shouts at the dryad). Insolent creature! I'll make you suffer for this! You shall find out what it is to heap injury and insult upon one like me. I have earned my rest by long years of toil. (Follows her, then turns back.) I'll find the piper, steal his pipes, and hide them!

SCENE IV. (SAME AS SCENE I.)

Enter *Echo-Dwarf* from behind the cottage. He looks all about. Old Pipes comes out, looking about; dwarf grinds his teeth, and motions that he would like to kill Old Pipes, but runs after him and stops him.

Echo-Dwarf. What are you looking for, old man?

Old Pipes. I am looking for a dryad whom I let out of her tree. She kissed me twice, and made me young enough to call the cattle home again, and I want her now on account of my old mother. I want to ask her to make my mother younger, as she did me. When I was old myself I did not notice how feeble mother was. Now it shocks and grieves me.

Echo-Dwarf (his eyes glistening). That's a noble idea! But you know a dryad can make no person younger but the one who lets her out of her tree. But, then, that is easy. You must find the dryad, tell her what you want, and ask her to step inside her tree; you shut her in and run for your mother. She will open it, let the dryad out, and you will have your wish.

Old Pipes. Good! good! I will go at once, but I must first get my pipes, lest I should be late in returning.

Echo-Dwarf (rubbing his hands in glee). She is quite foolish enough to do it. Then, when he goes for his mother, I'll take a stone and break off the key, so nobody can ever turn it again. She shall see! she shall see! (Enter Old Pipes.) Take me with you; you can carry me on your shoulder; and I'll help you. (Old Pipes picks him up. The dwarf snatches the pipes, and begins to bend and bite at them. They move on. Soon the dwarf catches sight of the dryad in the distance. Before she enters, Old Pipes discovers his loss, and is hunting for the dwarf when the dryad enters.) Oh, there she is! Put me down. Don't tell her I suggested the plan. (Old Pipes puts him down; he runs off with the pipes and hides, but watches and listens. Enter dryad.)

Old Pipes. I have been looking everywhere for you. Mother looks so old and feeble. Will you go into your tree for a few minutes? and I'll run and bring her to open it. Then kiss her as you did me just after you come out.

Dryad (looking sadly at Pipes). I should dislike it dreadfully, but if you wish it — (Moves toward the tree, enters.) I have thought of making you happier, and I have waited about your cottage many days for your mother; but she does not come out, and a dryad cannot enter a house. If you can get her to come out, I can make her younger any time without going into the tree. (The echo-dwarf grows so anxious that he moves into sight. The dryad sees him.) Did you think of this plan of shutting me up yourself?

Old Pipes (hesitating). No, no; a little dwarf, whom I met, proposed it to me.

Dryad. Oh, I see through it all. It is the scheme of that miserable echo-dwarf, your enemy and mine. Where is he? (Dwarf hides. Pipes looks about.) There he is. (Pipes sees him. The dwarf tries to escape, but the dryad catches him, and drags him to the tree.) We will put him in here. (Old Pipes helps to thrust him in.) Now we will shut him up, and I shall be safe from his mischief for the rest of the time that I am free. (Shuts the door. There is a clicking sound of bark and root as the tree closes.) There, no more need to be afraid of him.

Old Pipes. Oh, my pipes! The rascal has stolen them! (Both search all about, and at last discover them under a rock. Old Pipes busies himself repairing them. Dryad helps. Pipes blows on them, making no noise.)

Dryad. Now, will you not ask your mother to come out and meet me?

Old Pipes. Oh, it's no use. We must find some other way. She does not believe in dryads. She has forbidden me even to speak the name to her again. She says that I have been bewitched by a sorceress. (*Exeunt together.*)

Enter children, girl and small boy racing after the larger boy. He drops, breathless, under the oak tree.

Large boy. Ha! ha! you did not catch me, after all! (A knocking is heard. All listen. Again the knocking is heard, also a voice, pleading.)

Voice. Let me out! Let me out! (All start up.)

Large boy. Oh, this is a dryad tree, like the one Old Pipes found! Let's let her out. (Hunts for the key.)

Girl (pulling him away from the tree). No, no; what are you thinking about? I am the oldest here, and I am only thirteen. Do you want us all to be turned into crawling babies again?

Large boy. I want to see her! I want to see her!

Small boy (tugging at large one). No, no; every kiss from a dryad makes one ten years younger, and I am only nine. Where would I be? (Both pull at large boy.)

Girl. Are you crazy? Run! run! run! (All run as fast as their legs can carry them.)

Enter mother.

Mother. Alas! alas! the time has come when I am too old to work. I

have grown utterly useless. Someone else will have to cook and sew for my son. I wonder where he is. (Looks for him, but sinks exhausted into the chair, and soon falls asleep. The dryad enters, steps up lightly, and kisses the mother on both cheeks.)

Dryad. Now Old Pipes has his wish, and he will be happy. (Disappears.)

Mother (waking, yawns, stretches herself). My, how a little sleep does refresh one! It is astonishing how well I feel! (Moves about quite easily, and, finding that she can walk without her cane, drops it, and turns quickly toward the cottage.) I must hurry; my son will be here in a few minutes, and his supper must be ready. I do feel so well. (*Exit.*)

Enter Old Pipes with his pipes.

Old Pipes. This is the last time that I shall call the cattle down this year; the nights are growing colder, the mountains are bare, and the winter will soon be here. (Sits and begins to play. Echo is heard from the tree.)

Enter mother. She brings forward the little table, and sets the supper on; then seats herself beside Old Pipes, and, with a smile, watches the cattle coming down. Both begin to eat.

Enter dryad.

Dryad (shivering). The night winds chill me. How happy they look there together; but I do not believe it will hurt them to be a little younger. (Steps up lightly and kisses each of them once. The mother kisses her son. Dryad shivers again.) I must get back into my comfortable home in the oak. (Goes to the tree, turns the key, and calls to the dwarf:) Come out. Winter is coming. I want the shelter of the tree myself. The cattle have come down for the last time this year, the pipes will sound no more, and you can go to your rocks and have a holiday until next spring. (Echo-Dwarf skips out, and runs away among the rocks.) Now he can break the key, it does not matter. Another will grow out in the spring, and I know that, when the warm days are here next year, the piper will come and let me out. (Shivers again, wraps her robe about her, enters the tree, and pulls the door after her.)

A PLAY OF GALAHAD.¹

(FRANCIS W. PARKER SCHOOL.)

JENNIE HALL.

I have told stories of knights to the pupils of the second and third grades, hoping that the high examples of kindness, cour-

¹ Some discussion has been caused in the school by this paper. Since many of the teachers did not see the work that is described, the discussion has been upon the general question: "Are the stories of knights fitted for the third grade?" The principal objections are that knighthood and chivalry are based on ideas and emotions which develop later than the age in third grade, and that, even if the children, through the influence of the teacher, feel the emotions appropriate to this literature, they have no right to such emotions, because they are unsupported by their own experience.

age, courtliness, all swimming in the childish glamour of strange adventure and curious costume, might influence the thought and action of the children in the direction of those ideals. A secondary consideration was that the subject is full of beauty.

After they had heard the story of Sir Launfal and of Ogier, and had made a little study of castles and of armor, a few of the children wrote original tales of knights. The following is one of them and is typical of all:

Once there was a knight that was brave. The knight lived in a castle. His name was Sir Longfoot. One day he went to hunt. He came to a bridge. The bridge was not very strong. The knight rode over the bridge. The bridge fell together. The knight fell into the ditch. His horse fell in, too. The knight got out and pulled his horse out. So he rode farther. He saw some strange knights coming.

He said to his horse: "Get up!" His horse ran as fast as he could. Soon they were out of sight. He said to himself: "Oh, if I were home!"

He came to a castle just like the one he lived in. He blew his horn. A man looked out of a tower.

"Go away," he said.

The man shot with his bow and arrows. The knight's horse ran as fast as he could. The knight came to a forest. He saw a boar. The boar rushed at the knight's horse. The knight killed the boar. He took off the skin and laid it away. He made a fire and roasted the meat of the boar. He saw his friend. He said: "Come eat with me."

So they ate the meat of the boar.

"Shall we go home?" said his friend.

"Yes," said the other knight.

So they went home. When they got home they saw their enemy coming. They let down the drawbridge. The two knights ran in. They pulled up the drawbridge. The knights outside made a movable tower. All the men got in. A wheel fell off the tower. The tower fell over, and the men were killed.—*Ernst Sieck, third grade.*

It is evident that so far only the physical facts of knighthood had caught the child's fancy. That was necessary first. I chose now to tell the story of Galahad because of its emphasis upon the spiritual virtues of a knight and because of the softening, mystic influence of the Holy Grail. To make the story intelligible it was necessary for the children to know King Arthur and the Round Table, themselves examples of noble purpose. I did not expect the children to make the allegorical interpreta-

tion of the Holy Grail that we are used to make, but to image in its bare simplicity the fact that strong men were willing to endure much for the sake of seeing the cup that Christ had touched, and the fact that a knight wished to be something else than merely a good fighter. The effect of such work is a very intangible thing to look for. The place where one would hope to see it is in the children's treatment of one another. But that ground is so near the borders of cant that I fear to tread it in daylight. There are, however, some outward signs that I can tell. One is the hold that the story took upon the imaginations of the children. They like it better than any other story. In all their play and retelling they have handled the tale and the characters with a sort of reverence. They bring to school stories that they have written at home about knights. One boy made and brought to school a suit of link armor. Several boys have brought swords. These things have been worn with great delight, but calmly, as though it were a natural thing. At my suggestion that we make a knight song, one boy came to school and sang the following air, which he himself had made for a part of Tennyson's "Sir Galahad," which I had read to the children many times and which they enjoyed:

My good blade carves the casques of men, My tough lance thrust-eth sure; My

strength is as the strength of ten, Be-cause my heart is pure.

After about two weeks one of the girls said: "We ought to have a song with words that we made ourselves." We straightway set to work, all together, and composed the following:

One night, when it was cold and dark,
 An old, old man came down the shore.
 From Uther's castle he had come.
 He stood and heard the great sea roar.

He thought that it was all the sea,
But far he saw a flaming wave,
And in that wave a baby lay.
The great wave tossed it on the shore.

Old Merlin picked the baby up.
He said: "This baby shall be king.
King Arthur is this baby's name,
And he shall be the best of kings."

The method of composition was that one child suggested a line and the others criticised it as to idea, diction, rhythm, and re-formed it until it was satisfactory to all. The fourth and twelfth lines are the teacher's.

It was under this intense interest that we planned for morning exercises a play founded upon the story of Galahad. It seems to me that it spoke favorably for the fitness of the story that, during the rehearsals, action and dialogue seemed to grow of themselves, that the children were happy in the performance, that they were earnest and natural in character. They wished to rehearse it every day. They have given it twice since morning exercises for people who did not see it before. The last time one boy said: "Oh, it's such fun to play this. I wish we could do it every day."

I give the dialogue without retouching:

SCENE I. THE CASTLE.

(King Arthur and knights seated at Round Table.)

A knight. That was a fine hunt that we had yesterday.

All. Yes. (Woman enters.)

Woman. I wish to see Lancelot.

Lancelot. Here I am.

Woman. Come with me.

King. Why?

Woman. I cannot tell. (To Lancelot.) Come with me. (Starts off.

Knights and king stare.)

Lancelot (to king). Shall I go?

King (hesitating). Yes, you may go. (Lancelot and woman go off.

Knights are silent a moment.)

A knight. Let us go for a hunt.

All. Yes, a hunt! (They go off.)

SCENE II. THE CHURCH.

(Galahad kneeling before altar. Armor on altar. Lancelot and woman enter.)

Woman (pointing to Galahad). Make him a knight.

Lancelot. Rise so that I may see whether you are worthy to be a knight.
(Galahad rises. They look each other long and earnestly in the face.)
Kneel. (Galahad kneels to Lancelot.) Do you promise to speak the truth?

Galahad. Yes.

Lancelot. Do you promise to be brave?

Galahad. Yes.

Lancelot. Do you promise to help the poor?

Galahad. Yes.

Lancelot. Do you promise to fight for the right?

Galahad. Yes. (Lancelot gives Galahad three strokes with his sword.)

Lancelot. Rise, Sir Knight. (Lancelot goes off to castle. Galahad goes behind scenes.)

SCENE III. THE CASTLE.

(King and knights come in and sit down.)

A knight. That was a good hunt.

All. Yes.

Another knight. I followed that deer for three miles. (Man rushes in.)

Man. A wonder! A rock is floating on the river. A sword is stuck in it. (All look surprised.)

King. Shall we go and see?

All. Yes, let us go.

King (to man). Show us the way. (All go off to river.)

SCENE IV. THE RIVER.

Man. See! Here it is.

A knight. There are words on the handle.

Several (reading). "For the one perfect knight of the world." (All look at one another in wonder.)

King (to a knight). Draw it out.

Knight. I am not the one perfect knight of the world.

King (to another). You draw it out.

Knight. I am not the one perfect knight of the world.

King (to Lancelot). Surely you can pull it out.

Lancelot. It is not for me. (So all the knights in turn.)

King (to Lancelot again). Try it. (Lancelot tugs at sword, but fails, and turns sadly away. So all the knights. They go slowly and sadly back to castle and sit.)

SCENE V. THE CASTLE.

Percivale. It is too bad that we have not the one perfect knight in our kingdom.

King (sadly). Yes.

A knight. If he were only here! (Joseph of Arimathæa enters leading Galahad.)

Joseph (to king). This is Galahad, the one perfect knight of the world.

All (in hushed voices). Galahad!

Bors. We have heard that name before.

Percivale. Are you the one that Merlin said should sit in Siege Perilous? (Knights whisper together.)

King (to Galahad). Are you willing to go down to the river and draw the sword out of the rock?

Galahad. You see I brought my scabbard empty because I knew a sword was waiting for me here.

King. Let us go. (They go off joyously.)

SCENE VI. THE RIVER.

(Galahad draws sword out easily and puts it into scabbard. He smiles at king. Knights grasp his hand and clap him on the shoulder. All go back to castle.)

SCENE VII. THE CASTLE.

(Knights see gold letters on Siege Perilous. Pantomime of awe. Galahad sits slowly down in Siege Perilous. Storm told by piano.)

Knights (in fear). A storm! (Storm ceases. Holy Grail appears. Knights stand and look.)

Knights (in hushed voices). The Holy Grail! (Holy Grail disappears. Knights sink into seats.)

A knight (rising and holding sword before him). I vow to seek the Holy Grail. (All the knights in turn do the same.)

Galahad. I vow by the cross on my sword to seek the Holy Grail. (All go off behind the scenes.)

SCENE VIII. THE CHURCH.

(Priest stands looking at shield on altar. Galahad enters.)

Priest. Are you Sir Galahad?

Galahad. Yes.

Priest. Here is your shield. It has been waiting for you many years. Joseph, the friend of Christ, once owned it. Before he died he gave it to a friend. He marked this cross on it with his blood. The friend gave it to me and told me to keep it for Galahad, the one perfect knight of the world. (Galahad takes shield and goes off behind scenes.)

SCENE IX. THE CASTLE.

(King and knights, except Percivale and Galahad, come in and sit.)

King. So none of us saw the Holy Grail after all.

All (sadly). No.

A knight. Percivale and Galahad have not come back.

Another. I wonder whether they saw it. (Percivale enters.)

All (standing and crowding around him). Percivale!

A knight. Welcome, Percivale!

King. Did you see the Holy Grail?

Percivale. Yes.

King. Did you see it uncovered?

Percivale. Yes.

All. Tell us about it. (Percivale takes his seat.)

Percivale. After I had been away for many days I met Galahad, and we went on together. We went through the country doing many wonderful things. One day we went up a mountain, and, when we were on top, the mountain caught fire. I said: "We must run. We shall be burned up." But Galahad ran down the mountain through the fire. He crossed some bridges. The bridges burned after him. When he crossed the last bridge he rose into the air, and the Holy Grail hung over his head uncovered. It showed him the way. I saw the gates of heaven open, and he went in. I heard wonderful music, as if a great city was welcoming home its great man. That is how I saw the Holy Grail.

The children have written papers explaining some of the processes of the play. Below is one of them:

Miss Hall told a story of King Arthur and his Round Table. Someone said: "Let's have a play." We thought that would be a nice idea, so we got a big chair for the king and smaller chairs for the other knights. We got small, square tables and put them in a round shape. Then we put the chairs around the tables. Each knight had his own shield and sword. We did not have enough shields, so we made them. Some had wooden shields and some had cardboard. King Arthur was sitting in his throne and all the knights around his table. The queen was sitting a little way off from the table. We had the castle on the stage. The seats of the audience were around the room, and the rock was in the middle of the room. It was a waste-basket with cloth around it and a sword stuck in it. The children chose who would act. For the play Holy Grail, Miss Hall lit the electric light, and all the knights stood up. Then Miss Hall turned off the light, and the knights said, "The Holy Grail!"—*Lucile Frost, third grade.*

I encouraged simplicity of staging. The value of scenery and costume is to create in the players the correct spirit by putting them into the proper environment and to help the audience to more vivid images. I feared in this instance that it would do *neither*, because the costumes that we could make would be so crude that they would hinder correct imaging and

feeling, and because the stiffness and awkwardness of armor, I was afraid, would draw the attention of the players from their character to the costume itself. Galahad, however, wore practicable toy armor that he had, and every knight had a shield and a sword, as told in the above paper. It was interesting to notice that as the children's interest in the play increased their desire for costume waned, so that they often played even without swords, pretending everything.

At first we planned to draw the curtain between every two scenes and have a committee shift the setting. The children were dissatisfied, however, because it required much time and made much noise. They could think of no other plan, so I suggested having three set places—the castle on the stage and the rock on the floor, as told in Lucile's paper, and a white-draped table with candle and stick on another part of the floor for church.

The point upon which we had the most discussion was the appearance of the Holy Grail. The children wished to manipulate some sort of material cup. We had many delighted inventions for sliding a cup down a white cloth, lowering a cup from the ceiling by pulleys, letting down a picture of a cup and a beam of light. I asked how they thought people would feel if they really saw the Holy Grail. Then I said that I feared our audience would laugh if they saw our tin cup drop down, or that at least they would know what it was, and would not think it wonderful or beautiful. At last somebody suggested the use of the electric lights. These are hidden overhead, so that the audience did not see the Holy Grail. In one of the papers not published a girl said: "The people knew it was the Holy Grail by the knights' faces and by their saying, 'The Holy Grail!'"

After this work with Galahad I expected a little advance in the children's conceptions of knightliness. I give one story that has since been written, to show what did occur:

Once upon a time there was one knight fighting with an army of robber knights, and he took his horse and jumped on it, and then he took his spear and took his sword out of his scabbard, and then he fought all the robber knights. After a while Galahad saw some robber knights robbing a lady, and

Galahad took them prisoners, and the robber knights stayed in prison for three years, and when the three years passed they promised to be brave and fight for the right ; and after a while the robber knights were brave and true.
—*Elmer Meier, third grade.*

TEXTILES.

CLARA ISABEL MITCHELL.

(Outline for a year's work in the textile arts, with suggestions as to lessons in related subjects. Continued.)

FIFTH GRADE.

Basketry.—Baskets, bags, mats, and hats of rattan, raffia, cord, palmetto, and native grasses.

Weaving.—Rag rugs ; coarse cotton or linen fabrics on large hand-loom.

Sewing.—Making of Puritan Colonial costumes for Thanksgiving festival. French fell, tucking, making of button-holes. Pattern-drafting.

Embroidery.—Study and adaptation of the "Colonial" patterns and stitches on linen, with home-dyed threads.

Nature study.—Invention of practical loom. Raising of grasses valuable in basketry. Experiments with metal mordants.

History.—Colonial life in New England ; comparison of New England, New York, and Virginian colonies as to religion, home life, occupations and arts, and government ; excursions to mills ; observation of the Jacquard loom.

Geography.—The continent of North America ; influence of topography, soil, and climate upon aboriginal tribes ; greater fitness to the requirements of civilized people ; its force as shaping life in the colonies ; natural routes of travel ; extension of colonies.

SIXTH GRADE.

Basketry.—As in fifth grade.

Weaving.—Fire-screen, small rug, cushion-cover, or smaller article of wools or heavy silks, in tapestry style of original pattern.

Sewing.—Making of Greek costumes for autumn festival. Various costumes needed by children in lower grades ; skirt-making, bias seam ; pattern-drafting.

Nature study.—Examination of wool, cotton, linen, silk, hemp, ramie, and jute fibers under microscope ; chemical tests of fibers ; continuation of the study of physics in connection with the running of sewing machine and loom.

History.—Influence of wool-growing in the commerce of early Greece ; Miletus compared with other Greek cities.

Geography.—Mediterranean region ; Greece ; scene of Greek colonies ; something of the influence of topography, soil, and climate upon the history of Greece.